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CURRENT TOPICS.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

In 1889, according to Henry V. Poor, author of the Railway Manual, the railroads of the United States carried 619,137,337 tons of freight. Deducting 25 per cent. for duplication, this leaves 464,352,922 tons of merchandise. At an average of \$30 per ton this merchandise would reach the enormous aggregate value of \$13,930,587,810. This takes no account of the huge amount of water-borne freight on our lakes and rivers, or of other methods of domestic transportation, and thus gives only an inadequate idea of the real dimensions of our domestic commerce.

CHARLES M. WHITELEY, Frank M. Larcher and Edwin S. Larcher, the three members of the New York brokerage firm of C. M. Whitney & Co., which assigned, on the 10th, the filed separate assignments to George H. Quintard, who is also assigned of the firm.

This court-martial proceeding, at the recent trial of First-Lieutenant George M. Turner, Adjutant of the Eighteenth Infantry at Fort Clark, Tex., on the charge of embezzlement of band funds, have been made public. Lieutenant Turner was found guilty and sentenced to dishonorable dismissal from the army.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has consented to the marriage of his sister, Princess Margaret, to the Prince of Naples, the heir to the Italian throne. The marriage will take place within a year. Princess Margaret will become a Catholic.

At a meeting of the board of managers of the Adams Express Company in New York City, on the 12th, a resolution was adopted making the regulations of the Post-Office Department in regard to the enforcement of the Anti-Letter Law applicable to its employees.

The Treasury Department has decided that fish caught in fresh water can be imported into the United States free of duty, provided the fish and boats used in the catch are owned by citizens of the United States.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL KELTON, who has been very ill for some time past, has so far improved in condition as to be able to be about, and hopes to resume the duties of his office in a few weeks.

PHIL. KOCH, the eminent German physician, will found a hospital for the treatment of consumption by his method. The building will be located in Berlin and will contain one hundred beds.

The remains of the late General George Crook arrived in Washington, on the 12th, from Oakland, Md., and with military honors, were laid at rest at Arlington. Near the last resting place of General Belknap, not far from the auditorium, the fallen leaves had been brushed away and a grave dug. Here the remains of the hero were laid away. Then there was a volley fired and caps called.

In a row at Ann Arbor between Company A, First Regiment Michigan State troops, who had turned out, on the evening of the 12th, to surround a member just married, and a party of students, in which the soldiers used their guns and the students pelted rocks and clubs, one of the latter was so badly injured that he died of his wounds, and one or two others are likely to share a similar fate. Several of the soldiers were hurt by stones thrown by the students.

The condition of Dr. Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party in the German Reichstag, is such as to create some uneasiness among his friends and followers. He suffers from heart trouble, and his physicians insist upon his withdrawal from active participation in political duties, and taking absolute rest.

DETECTIVE WATKINS arrived at Fargo, N. D., on the 13th, with J. Newberry, one of the New Salem (N. D.) train robbers, whom he had tracked over 11,000 miles and finally caught near Philadelphia. The prisoner had over \$5,000 worth of diamonds in his possession.

EX-MAYOR CHARLES A. COLLINS, senior member of the firm of Collins & Co., carriage manufacturers, of Akron, O., was, on the 13th, arrested on the charge of robbing the till of Werner Gilie, who had been systematically robbed for a year. Collins is seventy years old.

On the evening of the 12th the overland Southern Pacific train, south-bound, went through a long trestle over Lake Labish, about five miles from Salem, Ore. The train carried over one hundred persons, nearly all of whom were more or less injured.

An epidemic of typhoid fever is raging at Clementville, O., where, up to the 13th, there had been eighty-nine cases, of which twenty-five were fatal. Forty new cases were reported, and business was entirely suspended.

The Norwegian ship Torschore, Captain Sorensen, from Quebec, October 11, for Newcastle, England, was, on the 13th, reported sunk by a collision in the English channel. The fate of the crew was unknown.

By an imperial decree of the Porte the right to construct quays on both shores of the Golden Horn has been awarded to a French syndicate, which was the first to apply therefor.

M. F. Rios, of Manistique, and J. Brown, of St. Ignace, were tied for the office of prosecuting attorney of Schoolcraft County, Mich., at the recent election. They drew lots for the office, and Rios won.

The coroner's jury, impaneled at Salem, Ore., to inquire into the cause of the death of persons killed in the late accident on the Northern Pacific railroad, returned a verdict, on the 14th, that the accident was the result of an unskilled and unsafe driver, and that the Northern Pacific Railway Company was guilty of criminal negligence in allowing such a structure to stand and be used for the passage of trains.

This jury in the case of Asa Waterman, theatrical manager, charged with the murder of Peter Doran, whom he shot in the street in Brooklyn while walking with the latter's wife, fled into the Court of General Sessions, in Brooklyn, on the 14th, and announced their inability to agree upon a verdict. The jury was discharged.

A company has been formed to construct a ship canal to connect the city of Brussels with the sea.

The negligence of a telegraph operator resulted in a collision between two freight trains on the Norfolk & Western railroad, thirteen miles from Petersburg, Va., on the 14th. Both engines and sixteen cars were wrecked and George Breckham, a colored brakeman, was instantly killed.

On the 14th ex-President Grover Cleveland promised Mayor Burnett and other prominent local Democrats of Springfield, O., that he would be present at the annual Jefferson Club banquet in that city February 2, and added that he never broke his promise.

The business portion of the town of Junction, O., was destroyed by fire on the 14th. The loss is heavy and the insurance light. The fire originated from spontaneous combustion in the varnish room of Taylor & Coles furniture store.

The insolency of the great financial house of Baring Bros. & Co., of London, with liabilities of \$75,000,000, and surplus but unavailable assets of \$30,000,000, was averted, on the 15th, by the aid of a syndicate, headed by the Bank of England, which promptly pledged \$33,000,000 to the credit of the embarrassed bankers.

At the investigation of the alleged grievances of the forty Indians attached to Buffalo Bill's Wild West show during the European tour just completed, by Commissioner Bolt in Washington, the Indians were questioned closely, and all denied the charges that they were ill-treated. They said that they were well cared for and desired to continue their engagements with the show.

FEARING that Italy is about to make attempts upon Tripoli, three thousand Turkish troops have been sent to reinforce the garrisons of the province, and the forts are being strengthened.

This garrison at Copenhagen has been strengthened in consequence of the tension between the Cabinet and the legislative majority, popular disturbances being feared.

TELLER JULIUS E. SMITH, of the Merchants' National Bank of Amsterdam, N. Y., is a defaulter in the sum of \$9,800. A warrant for his arrest was issued on the 15th.

The seamen, stewards and wharfen of Melbourne, Australia, who have been on strike for several months, have given up the struggle and resumed work.

BISHOP O'DWYER, of Limerick, is quoted as speaking adversely of the American tour of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien.

SHIRLEY HINCHER, the well-known botanist, editor of the Gardeners' Magazine, of London, died at Kew Gardens, London, on the 15th.

A STORY, which does not find much credence in any quarter, emanates from ex-Chief of the Secret-Service Division John S. Bell, that President Harrison had a narrow escape from assassination in Washington last May.

On the night of the 14th the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company successfully opened the standard gauge on their line from Denver to Ogden, and commenced the running of through trains to San Francisco.

SERMONS were preached in several of the Toronto (Ont.) churches, on the 16th, with Birchall's life and death as a text.

A LARGE detail of convicts has been ordered from Russian prisons to labor on the line of the proposed Siberian railway.

THE CZAR has extended clemency to Lena Simonovskii, the woman condemned to death for taking part in a nihilist conspiracy against the life of General Kuropatkin.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

SECRETARY TRACY has in contemplation the building of two torpedo cruisers, one of 750 tons displacement, and one of 1,200 tons displacement. The plans will be drawn during the next few months, and Congress will be asked to make appropriation for the cruisers.

THERE will shortly be published in the city of St. Petersburg, a monster protest against the persecution of the Jews. The protest bears the signatures of all the famous literary and professional men of Russia, with that of Count Tolstoi at the head of the list.

The governor of South Carolina has commuted the sentence of two little negro murderers, Marion and Sam Nance. Six months ago they murdered their step-father, who had treated them very badly. The boys are only ten and fourteen years old, respectively.

MR. POWDERLY and Mr. Hayes were re-elected at the Knights of Labor convention at Denver, Col., on the 18th, without opposition. Hugh Cavanaugh, of Ohio, was elected general worthy foreman, after a close contest with M. L. Wink of Iowa.

An unknown man, who had been loitering about the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad station at Hartford, Conn., for several days, deliberately laid his neck on the track in front of a switch engine, on the 18th, and was decapitated.

Six persons were killed and sixteen wounded in a battle in Blatitz, Transylvania, on the 18th, between the friends and opponents of a newly appointed priest. The fight occurred at the church door.

A WOMAN of the town of Thau, Alsace, impressed with the idea that she and her family were threatened with starvation, after cutting the throats of her five children, on the 18th, killed herself.

AS easier feeling prevails at Mandan, N. D., because of the receipt of arms and ammunition by the citizens. Six mounted friendly Sioux have been sent to patrol the borders of the reservation.

The Minister of Agriculture for Hungary is taking steps to have vast tracts in that country planted with American grape-vines, which have thus far resisted the ravages of phylloxera.

The War Department is in receipt of no information tending to confirm or discredit the alarming reports published in the newspapers about a threatened Indian uprising.

A COMPANY has been formed to construct a ship canal to connect the city of Brussels with the sea.

CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

Whether the sun shines high and warm. Whether the sky is dark with storm. Whether the fields were rich with grain. Whether the herds were slain. Whether prosperity blesses the land. Whether wreaths befit the strand. Whether the season be thrifty or dull.

Whether the till be empty or full. Whether the winter be long or short. Whether it's filled with care or sport. Whether dear cheeks with health be flushed. Whether in death dear voices hushed. Whether the music be lively or slow. Whether to banquet or to mourn we go. Whether our friends be false or true. With roses or thistles our paths be strewn—Why, Time's a but a drop of eternity. A drop of the ill in the broad, deep sea—For the toll of defeat and for victory's palm. There's always a cause for Thanksgiving.

So voice we our thanks in melodious lay On this auspicious Thanksgiving Day! Thanks for the friends who are left us yet. Thanks for the love we would never forget. Thanks for the gifts from the storehouse of God. Thanks for His love, though a chastening rod. Thanks for temptation that tests our strength. Thanks for the conquest He gave us at length. Thanks for the Son, who so willingly came. Thanks for the promptings of praise to our Lord.

Thanks for the sunshine over our heads. Thanks for the angel host watching our beds. Thanks for the voice so small and so still. Thanks for the purpose to work out His will. Thanks for the bounty of rich, beaming earth. Thanks for the wellspring of joy and of mirth. Thanks for the light that illumines our homes. Thanks for the gloom it dispels when it comes. Thanks for the errors and sins that we past. Thanks for repentance that cometh at last. Thanks for the good we've accomplished below. Thanks for the greater that yet we may do. Thanks for the Son, who so willingly came. Thanks for His death, for the life we may claim.

Thanks for the life that He led upon earth. Thanks for the cross that He bore for our birth. Thanks for our houses, our stocks and our lands. Thanks for the house that's not builded with hands. Thanks for the birth couch and thanks for the bier. Thanks for the sojourn, the pilgrimage here. Thanks for the latest, the flattering breath. Thanks for the Staff in the Valley of Death.

Let us voice our thanks in a tuneful lay On this auspicious Thanksgiving Day. Thanks that we're not of voices alone. Thanks in the kindly deeds that we do. Thanks that gem darkness with jewels of light. Thanks that live on in the widow's mite. Thanks that shall pillow the aching head. Thanks that shall watch by the dying bed. Thanks that shall give to the hungry meat. Thanks that shall rescue the wayward lad. Thanks that shall stanch the mourner's tears. Thanks that shall sing and thanks that shall pray.

Thanks that shall toll the liveliest day. Thanks that shall give back good for ill. Thanks that shall work and suffer still. Thanks that partition Prosperity's cup. Thanks that shall raise the fallen to the top. Thanks that smooth the stony road. Thanks that lighten the weary load. Thanks that succor the one who halts. Thanks that cover another's faults. Thanks that weep for others' woe. Thanks that, suffering, stronger grow. Thanks that shall watch by the dying bed. Thanks in all we do and think.

Let us live our thanks in melodious lay. "Thou Heaven, eternal Thanksgiving Day."—Jessie Bartlett Davis, in Detroit Free Press.

GIVING THANKS.

Farmer Holden's Wife Has a Voice in the Matter.

ES, wife, this has been a good year, and I am a grateful man. I have been looking over my business—a and, in fact, into all my matters of loss and gain, and I find I am a good deal better off than I supposed. As to loss, there is none, and the gain is larger than I supposed. Yes, Susan, I am filled with gratitude to the Lord, and as Solomon Holden said this a pious look came over his face.

To tell the real truth this serene and religious look seldom came over Farmer Holden's face unless he was in a streak of good luck, as he expressed it. Yet he did not usually carry an ugly face; on the contrary, he was generally quite good-natured, however full of business he might be. Perhaps it was because he wanted to have the good opinion of his friends and neighbors that he was pleasing in his manners.

"Wait a moment, Solomon Holden," exclaimed the wife, starting a step in advance until she stood in front of her husband. "Listen to me; I shall have a voice in this matter, for I helped you to get this large farm and the money and bonds in the bank that you call yours. They are just as much mine as they are yours, and I shall claim the right to give some portion of them to the Lord. Are you not ashamed to speak of giving our worthy pastor the paltry sum of ten dollars? It ought to be a hundred if you pay as do some of our poor members. There is Franklin, who works for every cent he has to support his wife and three children; and yet he gives fifteen dollars yearly toward the pastor's support. And then it is a shame to send a bushel of potatoes to poor Mrs. Dean when you know her crop that Harry planted and hoed was a perfect failure. I will not insult that woman by sending her such a quantity as you suggest, and you ought to have given me a five-dollar bill for the collection to-morrow. That one-dollar bill will cry out against you in the judgment day and you will be speechless before the thousands of the unfortunate ones that have suffered by the flood and the present season. For shame, Solomon Holden," said the usual, pale

ing her that she ought to be as grateful as he was.

"Yes, Solomon, I am grateful because you have been prosperous, and I was thinking," and here Mrs. Holden stopped.

"Thinking of what?" the husband asked, with the pleased look a little faded, or not quite so apparent as at first.

"To-morrow is Thanksgiving, you know, Solomon," and then she stopped again.

"Yes, so it is, wife," he said, condescendingly, and another smile came over his face. "I had almost forgotten it; however, we ought to have had a Thanksgiving dinner, wife, and, if I had thought of it in time, we would have had."

Mr. Holden then began to reflect, and after a few moments he began again: "The potato crop has been a perfect failure everywhere almost, because it has been such a wet season, but I was well enough to plant that new piece of ground upon the hill. I never had a better yield, and I can count upon eight hundred bushels at least. The cellar is too full for convenience and I have got to get rid of some of them. They are fifty cents now, but I am certain they will be a dollar before spring, but I shall be obliged to dispose of some of them in order to make room for my apples that are still in the barn. It is getting most too cold to keep them there any longer, and I should hate to have my nice greenings and pippins freeze. I have been very lucky about my apples also, for my orchard happens to be so well sheltered by woods upon each side that the severe east wind did not blight the fruit. I have already sold fifty barrels and have the cash in my pocket, and I might, I suppose, sell fifty more and then have plenty left. Then you ought to see the corn, wife, for it is a sight. That four weeks of pleasant weather that came in September just saved my corn crop. My two cribs are full and there is a large quantity still upon the lower barn floor. I shall not have to buy a pound of feed for my cattle next spring, and that is something unusual."

"To-morrow is Thanksgiving," Mrs. Holden said, a little more firmly, "and it seems to me we ought to remember some of our poor neighbors that have not been so fortunate as we have been. Then there will be a collection taken to-morrow at church that will be given to those who have suffered from various calamities the present season. You know that they have been very numerous and severe, Solomon."

Mr. Holden looked very much surprised at his wife's boldness in thus suggesting to him his duty, for he was a man that prided himself upon being very faithful in the discharge of all moral and religious duties and obligations. He was surprised also to see how earnestly and boldly she appeared about the matter, for usually she was very quiet and timid when she asked for any favor.

But Mr. Holden was in a frame of mind to bear a good deal, and so he answered, pleasantly: "Yes, we will try to do our duty, and as I can not attend church to-morrow as I have to deliver those five cows to Butler Dean, I will give you some money for the collection," and then the farmer took his well-filled pocket-book and began to look over the contents.

He unrolled some bills, and after looking them over two or three times he handed his wife a single dollar bill. She received it silently, and after awhile she spoke again:

"Our pastor needs his pay, Solomon. I have been informed that he is really destitute and in need of many things. His clothes look very threadbare and worn, although his wife evidently tries to make them look nicely. And then there is poor Widow Dean and her two sick children, who have been very near death's door. You know, Solomon, that she has to work out by the day to support her little family, and now for three weeks she has been kept with them. I don't see how she has got along. Can we not help her in some way? You know that she is a worthy member of our own church."

At this the "pleased look" resting upon Holden's face was nearly all gone and he began to wear an unpleasant expression. His wife was getting very bold.

"I have already given five dollars upon the pastor's salary, and I expect to give five more; that is as much as I have been in the habit of giving. I can pay it now, however, if he needs it, and as to Mrs. Dean, they all ought to give her a little if she is really suffering. You may send Dick, the hired man, down there with a bushel of potatoes in the morning, and that makes me think I am owing her boy Harry a five-dollar bill for picking up potatoes two days. I don't see how I came to forget it. Here, take it, and send that, too, or I may forget it again," and as Mr. Holden said this he arose to go to the town that was only a short distance from the old farmhouse.

"Wait a moment, Solomon Holden," exclaimed the wife, starting a step in advance until she stood in front of her husband. "Listen to me; I shall have a voice in this matter, for I helped you to get this large farm and the money and bonds in the bank that you call yours. They are just as much mine as they are yours, and I shall claim the right to give some portion of them to the Lord. Are you not ashamed to speak of giving our worthy pastor the paltry sum of ten dollars? It ought to be a hundred if you pay as do some of our poor members. There is Franklin, who works for every cent he has to support his wife and three children; and yet he gives fifteen dollars yearly toward the pastor's support. And then it is a shame to send a bushel of potatoes to poor Mrs. Dean when you know her crop that Harry planted and hoed was a perfect failure. I will not insult that woman by sending her such a quantity as you suggest, and you ought to have given me a five-dollar bill for the collection to-morrow. That one-dollar bill will cry out against you in the judgment day and you will be speechless before the thousands of the unfortunate ones that have suffered by the flood and the present season. For shame, Solomon Holden," said the usual, pale

face of the meek wife was flushed, and her eyes sparkled with a strange light. Mr. Holden was as speechless as though he was already surrounded by the pale, crushed throng of food and fire sufferers, and his face was flushed also, and it was not altogether anger, for there was a good deal of shame in the expression.

"For shame, Solomon Holden," the wife repeated, looking him squarely in the face.

The man trembled and his head dropped lower down as if to hide from the flashing fire of those bright eyes. A silence was maintained between them, and then the man made a rush for the door. He succeeded in getting past the aroused wife, and was soon rushing toward the village.

The wind was sharp and piercing, but a cold sweat was bursting from the man's face. He scarcely comprehended any thing until he came to the cottage of Widow Dean, which he was obliged to pass. It stood very near the road, and Mr. Holden noticed the doctor's horse and carriage standing in front of it. The curtain had not been lowered



THE FIRST MAN HE MET WAS THE MINISTER.

and the scene within was plainly in view. Harry was evidently better, for he sat in a large chair by the fire. Mr. Holden noticed the pale face and hollow eyes, which somehow affected him unpleasantly. The little sister was evidently sick yet, as the physician held a white hand in his own.

Mr. Holden rushed on and the first man he met was the minister. "Good evening, Brother Holden," he said, in such a pleasant voice that no one would think that he was in need of any thing. He reached out his hand, and Mr. Holden thought it felt a little cold, and as the sleeve of the minister's coat brushed against his hand it did feel very thin and threadbare. And then he noticed that the good pastor had no overcoat on. Strange that he never thought to notice such things before.

Mr. Holden got away from his minister as soon as possible and did the business that called him to the town. It was all done in a mechanical way, like a man walking in his dreams.

He went home at last and took out the evening papers to read, and never once looked toward his wife. He turned over the paper several times and seemed to read and then he threw it aside and retired to rest.

He was very restless that night, but no one ever knew just what his thoughts were, if he thought at all.

Thanksgiving morning came, clear and beautiful, and Mr. Holden was up in good season. He appeared troubled and yet spoke very kindly to his wife, as though he had forgotten the sharp, accusing words that she had spoken so boldly the evening before. The family came together for prayer, for Mr. Holden always had maintained the sacred service. He prayed and said the good wife, and then as the hired man went out to finish up the chores, Mr. Holden spoke:

"I think that you were right about giving more to the Lord, and after thinking the matter over I have concluded to begin this Thanksgiving morning to give more liberally than we have done in the past. Here are five dollars for the collection and five dollars for our pastor as a gift. Remember it is not to be applied upon his salary. I am going to purchase him a good, warm overcoat to-day also, and then I will increase the amount toward the payment of his salary. You may arrange that just as you please, wife, about Mrs. Dean's potatoes. Send her as many as you wish, and also two barrels of those pippins; Dick knows where they are; and tell him to carry two barrels down to the minister's and two bushels of potatoes, as I shall have to keep my engagement about delivering the cows. You can send Mrs. Dean a quarter of that beef, if you want to. I was going to let the minister have it upon the salary, but will pay him the money. Here is another dollar for Harry Dean. Tell him it is the interest upon what I have been owing him so long. Go down and see the family yourself, Susan. We can not have a real Thanksgiving dinner, but we will have a whole day of giving thanks in a practical way. Yes, you were right, wife. I see how it is now and will try and do my full duty. I must go now, but I will attend the service this evening at church. Good-bye, wife," and then Mr. Holden went out.

A grateful look came over the wife's face, and then the glad tears filled her eyes, and she retired to the secret place of prayer to offer thanksgiving to the great God of good.

A happy Thanksgiving was passed in the old farmhouse that day, and some others were made very happy also by the change that transformed a worldly, money-loving soul to one filled with the true spirit of love and benevolence.—S. S. Times.

A Tender-Hearted Woman.

Tangle—Hang it all, Maria! That confounded puddle of yours has bitten a piece clean out of my leg.

Mrs. Tangle—Oh! how very annoying, Henry, when poor Fido is sick and the doctor said that he mustn't have a bite of meat for at least two weeks!—Light.

—Pettigrew states that the male of the silk-worm moth travels at the rate of one hundred miles a day.